

Monday, 3.6.96

We, that means Mats and I, arrived at the camp around 4 p.m. It is cold. It is raining. It is extremely dreary. I am happy that Barbara phoned me earlier today and asked me to pick up this young man I did not know at Exeter Bus Station; at least I am not alone here. I had the intention to pitch my brand new tent, but instead I rented a caravan, as the situation was too frustrating. After having some drinks in the bar, to the appalling music of Tony M., with some of the students, who had arrived gradually, we heard that we were invited to Sue's and Chris' caravan. We met Barbara and some of the other students there and made the arrangements for the next day.

Tuesday, 4.6.96

I was late for departure to Leskernick, looking for the wrong caravan. The advantage was that I could go there with Chris, who gave me the most interesting talk about Bodmin Moor and Leskernick, while we were driving and then walking to the site. The area is beautiful and wild. We walked for a long time, I guess, we walked for one and a half hours. We walked up hills and through valleys and I knew, I would never be able to make my way back alone. One could feel silence. It felt like being in a different world. Arriving at Leskernick, we walked through nothing but stones. I could not see anything but scattered rock in all shapes and sizes. Up here, on the top of the hill, Barbara and Chris gave an excellent talk about the area. After this, we went down to the "Gulag", where the permanent tent was erected and where we were going to have lunch and tea breaks from now onwards. This place appears to me as the "Gulag", because it lies isolated and every movement can easily be kept under control and surveillance. It is fenced in, the activities

taking place within the fence can hardly be described as normal. They involve a painstaking dissection of 'evidence', an interrogation of the soil for the truth of the past. The sun beats mercilessly down here and the winds are wilder than in the settlement areas protected by the slopes of the hill. As I heard from the other students, this was the place of real hard labour. I did not know what was expected of me. I had not done any studies in archaeology and I had not been on an excavation before. This situation creates a great feeling of loneliness and uncertainty. After lunch everybody got introduced how to measure huts, and draw plans in bird's eye view and elevation. Mats and I volunteered to help Helen in the "Gulag". Under her supervision I was introduced to the art of digging the Stone Row Terminal. The Stone Row leads from East to West below the Southern Settlement. First I was initiated to the art of de-turfing. It is very hard work and I was rather slow. By no means could I keep up with Mats. After we had de-turfed the desired area, I was shown the art of troweling. Very hard work too. I could not see anything but soil, while Helen and Pippa saw differences, which they showed me. I was only able to see the changes in textures and colours after they had pointed out this to me. I cannot imagine that I would ever be able to become extremely excited about this kind of work. It is very slow, mind-numbing and would make me very nervous after some time. Even more difficult was to feel and be able to distinguish the different consistencies of the soil with the trowel, like clay, sandy clay, silky clay etc. Absolutely exhausted, we walked down to the cars around 6 PM or 7 PM. We had dinner with Barbara, Chris, Penny and Marylyn on the camp site. Great fun.

We leave the camp at 9 p.m. We buy food for the group, as Barbara has left
Wednesday, 5. 6. 96 a new and shorter way up to Leekemick from Westmoor
Gate. Anyhow, it is still very exhausting to carry water containers up the hill. I
think, we should ask for permission to drive up to Leekemick every now and

Leaving the camp at 9 p.m., arriving at Leskernick around 10 p.m. Sunshine. It is extremely hot. A new skill has to be learned. Surveying the huts. Measuring and drawing from two perspectives, bird's eye view and elevation, also the estimating the differences in ground levels. For each hut a questionnaire has to be filled in, giving our own interpretation. I worked together with Jill and Wayne. Wayne has a superb eye and draws excellent plans, as he has that studied fine art. We managed to finish three huts on the Southern and to the Western settlements. Hut 23, being excavated, was most likely not used as a house, but seems to be rather special. It has a large backstone, is very small and has an excellent view of Brown Willy. Hut 32 is a large hut with a substantial backstone and a niche and a corridor leading towards it. During the survey we found 2 entrances, the second one leading to an enclosed field. Before finishing hut 23, we had to interrupt our work for a 'discussion' (it is but seemed more like an argument) between Sue and Mike on one side and Chris and Barbara on the other side. It was a question about different ne from the methodologies. Our method of surveying the huts was regarded as inaccurate by the "diggers", ignoring the purpose the plans will be used for. This was and rather frustrating, as Mike behaved in a rather aggressive way, not able to and it discuss or explain himself in an appropriate manner. Sue had to act as the with diplomat. Very exhausted; dinner at 8 30 p.m. in the caravan camp restaurant. discussion and a really lovely evening.

Thursday, 6. 6. 96

We leave the camp at 9 p.m. We buy food for the group, as Barbara has left for London. We take a new and shorter way up to Leskernick from Westmoor Gate. Anyhow, it is still very exhausting to carry water containers up the hill. I think, we should ask for permission to drive up to Leskernick every now and not

then with my Jeep, only to bring the necessary heavy things there. But Chris has some kind of a problem; he hates the car; it does not go with his Marxist philosophy of life. I agree with Chris that it is important to walk through the moor in order to learn about the landscape and through this about the people in the past. This shorter walk from Westmoor Gate is so much more convenient, but this part of the moor is quite bleak. It has the advantage that we arrive at the beginning of the stone row, which leads us straight up to the "Gulag". One is able to see Rough Tor just before reaching the stone row terminal after crossing the leat. Chris calls this the 'Rough Tor effect' and claims that the crossing of water or boggy ground is keyed in with an experience of Rough Tor from the west, a 'perspectival' effect that would have initiated and socialised the prehistoric inhabitants of Leskernick into knowledges of the Moor and their surroundings. Chris is very keen on this but I am a bit dubious. After all, these people would have been walking around here everyday and the 'thrill' of seeing Rough Tor for the first time from the west must have worn a bit thin after a few weeks! For the first time I learn to draw plans of the huts. Penny is my supervisor. She is a very enthusiastic and funny teacher. The heat is tremendous. My blood pressure drops and I find it very difficult to cope with the heat. There is no wind and no shade. Dinner with Marylyn and Penny. Marylyn stays in over in my caravan. We had a interesting discussion and a really lovely evening.

caravan with Chris and Penny

Friday, 7. 6. 96

Sunday, 9. 6. 96

Our day off, Penny, Marylyn and I drive to Boscastle, where we have a pub lunch, walk through the village and do some shopping. Later we drive to Tintagel. The landscape and the castle are stunning, the village touristy with some really ugly features. We have cream tea. A lovely quiet day, but I do not

manage to recover completely from the days and long nights before. We have a rather early evening. The night was rather strange and frightening. Marylyn rushed in my room and ordered me not to move. She was terrified. She had been woken up by knocks at her window. Outside stood a tall man with straw or sawdust in his hair staring at her. We were terribly frightened, locked all the windows and sat down in the drawing room. Suddenly we heard the knocking again. We could not sleep any more. Chris was so kind and gave us permission to come later to Leskernick the next morning because of our sleepless night.

Saturday, 8. 6. 96

A beautiful day. Marylyn and I arrive at the site around 12 p.m. We walk along the enclosure walls of the Southern settlement looking for grounders, possible entrances, significant stones: oblongs, triangles, whale backs. Later on Barbara and Chris walked with us and we looked at different constructions of the walls and tried to establish in which sequence they were built. I thought this was very interesting and fun, it was almost like doing an enormous Jigsaw puzzle; pieces fit together here and there, but we can not see the whole picture. In the evening we had dinner in the canteen with Barbara, Penny, Marylyn, Chris and his wife. Later Marylyn and I have a 'quick' drink in our caravan with Chris and Karin. This session ended around 1 30 am or so.

Sunday, 9. 6. 96

Monday, 10. 6. 96

Arriving at Leskernick we realize that it is bitterly cold and stormy. Marylyn and I go with Barbara and Chris to look at the places where the field enclosures adjoin the walls of some of the houses in the Southern settlement. We get

interrupted; the Prehistoric Society rolls in. Masses of people, some so old that one wonders how they made their way up here, even babies in push chairs and young children walk towards us. Barbara and Chris have to give a lecture and then guide the people over the settlement. Marylyn and I survey the area around 'Hut 28'. We look at the enclosure walls, important stones, cairns, circles. The cold seems to depress everybody. But after some time I get really excited seeming to find more and more cairns, and stones pointing to distant tors. Hut 28 was something special. It was not a house to be lived in, but probably served ritual purposes. It is much too big and lies in an isolated area between the Western and Southern settlement. An enormous 'field shrine' (really a large rock) is situated very close to it on the western side. The surrounding area is very special. This house belongs to the southern settlement or is otherwise in a kind of liminal space. It is only from hut 28 that one can see houses in both the southern and western settlement areas. From its doorway one looks down to the Fowey valley, a marshy area and up to Tolborough Tor (I find it quite surprising that after only a few days I have been initiated into a specific kind of knowledge of the surrounding Tors and other landmarks). The stones here are enormous, much larger than around the other houses in the southern settlement. Marylyn and I seem to find masses of cairns. Maybe, this was the aftermath of Penny's Sloe Gin the night before or the extreme weather conditions! The bitter cold is forgotten and even so we are allowed to break up earlier for the day around 5 30 p.m., I would like to continue. We have an earlier dinner at the camp canteen.

Monday, 10. 6. 96

A very unusual day. Barbara and Chris decided to drive to Bodmin to blow up the plans of the settlement. They decided we should look at possible future

methodologies of how to continue our work. That meant, the "non - proper - archaeologists" did not go to Leskernick. In Barbara's caravan we discussed how to approach future survey methodologies and how to develop the maps. I realized again, that my vocabulary is not up to standards, recognizing the wide gap between my active and my passive language. I decided not to give up yet. In the evening we had a lovely Sri Lankan dinner in Barbara's caravan for the whole group, diggers and non - diggers. We left Barbara and Penny's caravan in a terrible mess and went on for tea to Marylyn's and Helen's tent. an old tin shaft and dares to crawl in to explore it. I collect some of the tin stones. Back Tuesday, 11. 6. 96 am amazed watching Chris playing with the seats and computer of the jeep. These features seem to fascinate males only. I do not It is pouring with rain. We drive to Westmoor Gate, but we decide here to go back to the caravan site and take a day off. The diggers, as is their wont, don't take a day off. Marylyn, Pippa, Gilly, Chris and I drive to St. Ives to visit the Tate Gallery. The architecture and image of the Tate in Cornwall stands in great contrast to the Tate in London. The architectural form and the design of the Tate in London were chosen to give the visitor a notion of the state. Built like a temple, its imposing and distancing connotation evokes the idea of an ancient world and the power and superiority of the British Empire. The architecture of the Tate in St. Yves is simple, including the view of landscape and sea - with its huge glass fronts - into the design. Works of art which are exhibited here are arranged within spaces which include the natural like them surroundings where they were conceived. These works of art show the influence of the landscape, water and rocks. The architecture and the design of the Tate in St. Ives emphasizes the dialogue between the artist and the work of art. The views here are breathtaking, especially those from the top floor. The interior design is in parts ? a bit on the cheap side, using too many artificial materials (like vinyl flooring) instead of natural ones (e.g. slate) . The

works of art which appeal to me are the pottery of Bernard Leach and the sculptures of Barbara Hepworth in wood and stone. These sculptures remind me, in their simplicity, of our stones at Leskernick. In St. Ives we buy some "heavy stones" (scones) and clotted cream for tea and pasties for dinner. From here we drive to Zennor, where we walk along the cliff tops, which are covered in masses of colourful flowers. The sky is blue now, the bad weather has disappeared. It is absolutely beautiful here. The wind is so strong that I am a bit frightened it might carry me over the cliffs. Pippa discovers an old tin shaft and dares to crawl in to explore it. I collect some of the tin stones. Back in the car again, I am amazed watching Chris playing with the seats and computer of the jeep. These features seem to fascinate males only. I do not remember any woman or any of my daughter's friends showing an interest in these features. They seem to be male toys only. Craddock Moor and Rough Tor. We did not know then, that we would not be able to make it to Rough Tor. On our way to Craddock Moor we stopped at the Jamaica Inn: what a Wednesday, 12. 6. 96. Ambles a motel and is in no way romantic. Around 3 p.m. we meet Dave Hooley, a man who works for English Heritage. Then we Today we take furniture to the houses. As there are only white plastic chairs and a simple camping table available, Chris suggested we arrange them outside the houses on what he claims to be the 'little patios'. Marylyn and Anna experiment in hut 28 and take photographs. It feels strange to have furniture at Leskernick. I do not like these plastic chairs, and I do not like them up here. Chris' idea off a past - present collage does not work at all satisfactorily using these chairs. It needs more ideas and more experiments, but I like the idea of it. Chris does not like my idea of imposing a class structure on Leskernick by furnishing the huts in different styles according to size and importance. Of course not! He seems so keen on the egalitarian principle, and so uninterested in measuring anything, I sometimes wonder

whether he realises that some of the houses are significantly bigger and more impressive than others.

I work with Barbara on the enclosure walls and I am terrified she cannot read my writing, as I have difficulties reading it myself. In the evening we go through the plans and questionnaires, Barbara checking my 'Gothic script'.

Thursday, 13. 6. 96

A beautiful day. The sun is shining and it is warm, but not hot. Gill finds a little pink crystal in hut 23 near the backstone. Wonderful, she is so happy. Today is our half day off. We work up to 2 p.m. - I work on the plans for the huts - and then we leave for a different part of the moor, Craddock Moor and Rough Tor. We did not know then, that we would not be able to make it to Rough Tor. On our way to Craddock Moor we stopped at the Jamaica Inn; what a disappointment. It resembles a motel and is in no way romantic. Around 3 p.m. we meet Dave Hooley, a man who works for English Heritage. Then we did not know, what he was up to. He saw his chance when he got hold of Barbara and Chris and tried to show them every bit of Craddock Moor, and explain all his thoughts and was keen to hear their opinions. This was his big chance. We had planned a Barbecue for this evening, so Pippa and Anna were the first two who were able to leave in order to prepare the food. It was extremely hot. We struggled to follow David H. I do not know how far we walked. My blood pressure had dropped and I felt absolutely miserable. The others did not feel better. Nobody is listening any more. One by one everybody left the group; Marylyn and I, obviously brought up in an old fashioned manner, thought, we could not leave Barbara and Chris to struggle on alone. We climbed up to the Cheesewring Tor, Up there I thought, all the pain had been

worthwhile. The Tor is very impressive, I would say terrifying. One can imagine which kind of feelings these stones must have evoked in these people who lived here in the past. We were sure that this was the climax of our trip and that we would be allowed to walk straight away to our cars, but this was a mistake. We had to carry on stumbling behind Dave for another hour or so. Finally at the camp, we tried to recover with wine and very good food, prepared by Pippa and Anna. I left early and Marylyn goes with me to the B&B as she is utterly exhausted and needs a decent rest. We both fell asleep whilst having a cup of tea.

Monday, 17. 6. 96

After having spent the weekend in Ascot to celebrate Philipp's First Holy

Friday, 14. 6. 96

straight with Barbara and Camilla to the South settlement to work on the

It is a beautiful day. I go with Barbara, Marylyn, Wayne, Gill, Matts and Henry to the Southern settlement, where Barbara wants to check the house ground plans, elevations and the recording sheets. Barbara seems to be a bit worried about the accuracy of the plans. We are too many people for this kind of work, so after lunch Chris, Marylyn, Wayne and I go to the Western settlement to record houses. Wayne does the drawings and, in the process, divulged some of his 'secrets', like how to measure without tape and draw without the frame. This seemed to appeal very much to Chris! Chris discovered that the doorway of hut 20 is oriented towards the summit cairn of Brown Willy, and not as he had assumed before towards Rough Tor. Besides this, hut 20 has important stones at the cardinal points of all the walls. A short while after this, while recording hut 17, Chris discovered a cleared corridor leading up the hill from the compound entrance to a potential 'field shrine' (he seems almost excessively keen on discovering these), above which apparently lies what he

describes as a large fallen slab behind two big stone blocks. Wayne places himself up there, so that we can check, if it is visible as a skyline feature from the main entrance to the western compound. We were lucky, or Chris was correct, as this proved to be the case. This evening we have dinner for the first time in a pub in Camelford. Marylyn's husband and daughter arrived to take her home on Sunday. I know, I will miss her when I come back after my weekend at home.

Monday, 17. 6. 96

After having spent the weekend in Ascot to celebrate Philipp's First Holy Communion, I arrive later than planned, around lunch time, in Leskernick. I go straight with Barbara and Camilla to the South settlement to work on the enclosure walls. We find a good number of cairns. I find it quite difficult to establish the sequence of the walls and to decide if a cairn really is a cairn. Even so sometimes everything seems to be very obvious, at least to Barbara. After some discussion we decided to mark rather more than less cairns, triangular and whaleback stones etc. and if in doubt, (we were rarely not in doubt, there were rather larger or greater degrees of doubt) to mark each with question marks, so that we will be able to think about this on our check up tour and to get further opinions. Sometimes I think that the whole of Leskernick might best be signified by one huge question mark! At 6 PM Chris, Henry and I leave for our walk up to Brown Willy and Rough Tor. It is a beautiful walk in the evening sun. We stop at the spring beneath the Western settlement to fill our thermos bottle with water. We take our shoes off to wade through the Fowey and get a bit wet. After only a short walk away, Leskernick looks very small. The stones do not look grey any more but shimmer pink in the evening

light. The walk is rather exhausting as Henry marches ahead up to Brown Willy like some kind of a Rambler Chief. We enjoy the most wonderful view, pink stones in green fields, and a dark blue sky. We see the ocean on both sides of Cornwall. The area up to Brown Willy seems to be covered with small cairns. But by now I am predisposed (or 'socialised' by Barbara and Chris: my two Shamans who wax lyrical about Shaman's huts) to see a cairn or a 'whaleback' stone virtually everywhere. Walking up to Rough Tor I fight to keep up with Henry. The Tor cairn up (Showery Tor: a wonderfully evocative name) here is very impressive. The Tor is completely surrounded by a stone ring. The surrounding plateau itself is cleared of stones, presumably used to construct this and the other Tor cairns on the Rough Tor ridge. Walking up to Big Rough Tor and away from Showery Tor there are two stone 'windows' (natural weathering features or runnels through the granite according to Chris) through which one can see down the hill to hut circles and field enclosures below. A large summit Tor cairn which has been destroyed and its stones thrown down the hill, had to give place for a Christian church, which does not exist either any more. Chris told us this was the only point on the Rough Tor ridge from which three stone circles could be seen: Fernacre, Stannon Down and Loudon Hill. It was too misty to see anything much but he was so enthusiastic about it all that we believed him anyway. When we arrived at the campsite, it was too late to get dinner. By the time we decided where to eat, the last Pub did not serve food any more. We ended up in a Pub in Altarnun where soldiers were camping in the garden. The cook was already drinking with them and was not prepared to give us even a sandwich. This could not destroy our day and we were happy with beer and crisps. The pub, and its huge size, was very interesting to have dinner in. We decided to decorate the shrine with things such as wine and pasties. Wayne's artistic ability

Tuesday, 18. 6 96

I drive alone to West moor Gate, as I had to go back to the B & B to pick up my second camera for the photos we wanted to take in the evening. I do not like to walk alone over the moor to Leskernick. It is a bit spooky. Barbara is very happy to work on her own for the first time, going through her plans and the questionnaires. I join Mats and Henry who are surveying the walls of the Western settlement. They seem to be much more selective and are obviously not so meticulous (precise) as Barbara. Being used to Barbara's style of work and her knowledge, it is difficult to join a different group of people. The dig at the stone row terminal is definitely progressing. The site looks amazingly clean and very technical in a way. At lunch time it is very, very hot and there is no breeze. I continue to work with Henry and Mats, later on I joined Barbara on the Southern settlement doing the enclosure walls. At 6 p.m. Barbara, Chris, Jill, Wayne, and I have tea at the tent. We pack our cameras, clothes, wine cooler, pasties and wine and set off for our photographic session starting at hut 23. This hut is very small, Chris calls it the "Menstruation Hut". It has a very prominent triangular back stone, which we wrapped in Barbara's orange fish cloth and my black - golden scarf. It looked beautiful, as the size of the material was just right to cover the complete stone. Hut 20 has the most enormous and impressive grounder as a backstone, much too large to be covered or tastefully dressed with our scarves. Whatever we tried with our cloths, it did not do anything for the stone. Something inspired Barbara to have shadows created by us with our bodies and our hands, which she captured with her camera. The shadows looked strange, a bit like rock carvings. I hope, this will come out well in the photographs. We got really carried away, taking masses of photos. Hut 28 with its shrine and its huge size, was very inviting to have dinner in. We decided to decorate the shrine and bring our 'offerings' such as wine and pasties. Wayne's artistic ability could be admired in the little cakes made of sheep droppings and dried tufts of

grass. I hope, our photographs will be able to express the atmosphere. We had a really funny dinner and everybody had a go at me of what my family and friends might think seeing me offering cakes of sheep droppings to a stone and drinking wine out of a bottle. Later we watched a most beautiful sunset at the quoit stone. I hope, some of the photos will be good. It was almost dark when we walked back across the moor. On our way to the cars we watched paratroopers floating in the sky, until they finally were out of sight. We heard concorde breaking the sound barrier.

Friday, 21.6.96

Wednesday, 19.6.96

I arrive at Westmoor Gate a bit later and have to walk up to Leskernick

After a long night - we were invited for a glass of wine to Barbara's caravan after our photo session- I am tired. Matts and Henry take Barbara, Chris and me around the compound walls of the Western settlement for a general check up. The walls here are very different from the walls of the Southern settlement. Most of them are double walls and very substantial. Barbara and Chris got involved in a discussion about what is natural and what is artificially constructed. Barbara considers two huge grounders on top of each other as an artificial construction, while Chris sees this as one grounder, weathered along a linear fracture, so that the stone appears like two stones, placed on each other. I am too inexperienced to have an opinion. We were lucky.

After lunch Barbara, Chris, Matts, Henry, Wayne and I go to the Western settlement to mark the huts, cairns and shrines accurately on the enlarged photocopies of the plans. We are not very successful as we neither have a scale for these nor a calculator with us. But there is no need for a plan that is as accurate as Mike's plans, as we are interested in the general picture of Leskernick. Later I go with Barbara to the Southern settlement to work on the

enclosure walls and fields. It is hot. We are both exhausted and drag ourselves through the landscape. Barbara is more reluctant with her cairns etc. today, but anyhow, there seem to be an enormous number of them. We use the tape measure now and walk between stones, making steps of a meter, to be rather more accurate on our plans. Chris' strategy earlier on has had an effect if it was a 'strategy' which I very much doubt. I am happy to get to the B&B and am looking forward to have the day off tomorrow.

Friday, 21.6. 96

I arrive at Westmoor Gate a bit later and have to walk up to Leskernick without the others. I do not like being alone in this isolated moor. Barbara and her husband made the substitute stones for the stone row terminal and brought them to Westmoor Gate. Henry, Matts and I volunteered to carry them up to Leskernick. When we opened the red ice cream van we were amazed; we did not recognize the 'stones' at first, they looked simply like boxes, covered in painted gauze. Henry's face was a picture of incredulity. But already on our way to Leskernick we realized, that these 'stones' looked quite realistic from a distance and appeared to be very impressive. After our second trip to Westmoor Gate we decided to have a rest in the pub in Alturnum, before carrying the last 'stone' and some paint to Leskernick. We were lucky, the sun came out for summer solstice, even so it remained very cold. At least we were able to take photographs. Barbara had prepared a most delicious cous cous, and brought table linen and artificial flowers to arrange a beautiful picnic. Except Helen, none of the diggers joined our party, even so we almost begged them to stay at least for the summer solstice dinner. I find this kind of behaviour very difficult to accept. The main reason for their anger was Chris'

idea to build a model of Rough Tor out of the spoil heap next to the stone row terminal. They felt deeply insulted and left the moor to have dinner in the village. Later Peter Herring turned up with a group of people so that Barbara and Chris had to give another guided tour. The sun set was a disappointing. We were unable to watch the last rays of the sun falling through the quoit stone as the sun got lost in a bank of cloud. Unfortunately it was so bitterly cold that I caught very annoying cystitis. Later in the evening I woke up Chris to say good bye. He was fast asleep in his caravan. We then had tea with Henry, Gill and Helen. It felt strange leaving on Saturday morning and going straight to the boys' sport's day in Ascot after having spent so much time in a 'different world'. I felt guilty leaving without helping to pack up. My time on the Moor was wonderful, almost a revelation. In retrospect I feel what a great deal I learnt about studying material culture. I had never realised before how interesting stones could be!